

New Art to Live Without Money:

OR,
The TOWN-SHIEET Uncas'd.

Composed
For the Edification of the Freshmen
OF

ALE-SATIA.

BY

A Select COMMITTEE

Of { Tatter'd Poets,
Younger Brothers, and
Whimsie-board Players.

With Permission. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON: Printed for D. M. in the Year 1676.

THE
New Art to Live
Without Money:

OR,
THE TOWN-SHIFT LOCKET.

For the Education of the Poor.

OF
A LITTLE BOOK

BY

A SELECT COMMITTEE

(Printed by
O. Younger, Brother, and
W. Younger, South Street.)

With Permission. Roger L. Younger.

Printed by O. Younger, South Street, 1841.

THE
New Art to live without MONEY.



True Spunger is a walking Ghost, that continually haunts an Ale-house: A Free-booter of the Tap, that forces all the Guests to pay him Contribution.

He seems (like a *Capuchin* Friar) to have made a Vow never to carry any Money about him; yet holds it no sin

to be drunk, provided it be at another mans charge. You may call him a *Pot-Pad*; for he will filch a Flagon as slyly, as a Suburb-Sollicitor takes a Bribe: or an Interloper into the mystery of Tippling; for he is a greater Plague to Good-Fellowship, than the Excise-man. He is one that keeps very good Company, yet is a man of no Reckoning, but a kind of busie buzzing thing, that Fly-blows Society: and his Blazing Ruby-Face serves only as a Fire-ball to inflame the Reckoning, whilst his Acquaintance in charity vainly endeavour to quench it with Liquor.

He is a necessary Appurtenance to Tippling-Schools, who constantly keep him in Pension; being as it were a Salt-Bit for all Corners; and a Pickled Hefring is not a surer shooting-horn for a Pot of Ale than he. If he be but your Friends Friends Acquaintance, tis enough for him to invite you to Drink, and that Civility of his

he
(to be sure) he vows not to spoil his Drink.

he thinks sufficient to oblige you to pay the Beckoning. As Historians tell of Astrologers at Rome, that they were *alwaies banisht, and yet alwaies there*; So he is ever spoken against in all Companies, and yet ever amongst them

He is a mortal Enemy to that Proverb, *Touch Pot, touch Penny*: And swears when Painters write on Alehouse-Walls, *No room for Spungers*, 'Tis against the Liberty of the Subject: But, *Let's not part with dry Lips*; and, *Let him be hang'd that leaves his Drink behind him*, these he counts the Two principal Articles of *Magna Charta*; and observes them more than any of the Ten Commandments.

He is excellently skill'd in the Art of Complacency and Insinuation; and, like the Planet *Mercury*, varies his Nature according to the Humour of the Company he is join'd with:

For he can Cant with the Zealot in pious Non-sence, and Rant with the Debauchee in the newest Bawdy Song. And is equally happy in getting a Dinner of the one, by telling a feigned Story of Seditious News; and a Treat of the other, for Intelligence of a new wholesom Mils, lately come to Town.

He is a kind of walking *Gazet*, and vents more Lies in a Day, than are us'd to be minted in a dozen Coffee-houses; and meerly for that excellent faculty, people make much of him.

He never meets a man, but he looks about for the next Red-Lattice, and pretends extraordinary business with him; which yet is dispatcht and forgot, as soon as he hath got him into the Ale-house. Speak to him about any thing, and he gravely replies, *Let's drink first*, and consider on't: And if you ask him a Question (though never so seasonable) he vows you spoil his Dranght.

When

When he comes into a House, and doth but see any that ever he saw before, he catches them by the Hand, and doth not belie his Complement, when he tells them, *He is glad to see them with all his heart*: For he presently becomes one of them, and drinks briskly till they begin to call to Pay, and then he pretends sudden business; desires them to call for t'other Pot, and he will be back before they can *Smoke a Pipe*; and so troops off with Colours flying. But if he perceive they suspect him, he cries, *I'll leave my Gloves, that you may be sure I'll return presently*; which are only an old Pair not worth a Farthing, that he provides, and still carries about him, for that purpose. Perhaps if he be of the better sort, he pretends he hath nothing but *Gold* about him, or a *Five Shilling-Piece* sent him for a Token from his Aunt in the Country: And that he will by no means *Tap* it yet, but desires somebody to lay out for him now, and he'll *refund* (that's the word) next time: but be sure you shall never afterwards get him at leisure to drink with him that doth it, till 'tis forgot.

Sometimes he will needs gather the Reckoning (and perhaps vanish with it) or at least is sure to order it for that himself shall go *Scot-free*. At other times he offers (in words) to pay all; and if you tell him, That's too much, he takes it for a positive Order to pay none at all; building upon your Modesty, that you will not ask him again, after he has shewn himself so free and noble. At other times he fumbles in his pocket till All's discharg'd, and then like one new come out of a Trance, he starts, and on a sudden saith, *How's this, Gentlemen? I'll be sworn I do not understand ye. --- Well, if you will have it so, --- I must come out of your Debt next meeting; or else cries, Nay, --- I scorn to be base. --- I'll have my Pot in; which you must*

note is only his Fee-pot from the House; and he calls for it on purpose to begin a new Reckoning, at the end of which he *Cuts some fresh Sham* upon them as before.

But if they be all Strangers where he comes, he makes use of his natural Impudence, snatches up the Cup, --- cries, *By your leave, Sirs.* But before you can give it, takes it, and drinks it all off though it be a Brimmer, and saith, he hopes you will pardon him, for he is a *Merry man, and Loves a frolick.*

If he ever go to Bed without being drunk, he rails at the Times, swears all good Neighbourhood is lost; and is sure to be very sick next Morning. At all Publique Feasts he infallibly makes one: For a *Guard of Switzers* cannot keep him out; where he crams like *The Eating Quaker*, and devours enough then, for him to chew the Cud upon a whole Week after. He looks out as sharply for a Merry-meeting, as a Fidler for a Wedding; and never wants an occasion to speak with somebody concerned there. He serves often as a *Decoy-Duck* to draw Company from one House to another, by applauding such an lones Drink, or Civility and *Good Usage*; For which the latter allows him so much a *Head*. If he can Sing, or Fiddle, or play the Fool handsomely, he reckons it enough to endear him to all he meets; and his abusive Jeers upon his *Last Companions*, serve to make him welcome without Money to those he happens upon next.

You may know him by his *Shots*; for he buys them allways at second hand; and though they look like himself, without Souls, yet they are seldom dirty. For his one of his *Maxims*, That 'tis good keeping a dry house over ones head; and he never goes into a Shower, but to stiffen his Hat, which otherwise flaps about his Ears, being so thin, yet withal so greasy, that the Sun is ready to mistake

mistake it for a Vapour, and cap him by Exhalation. At a Bubbling School, where he piles, he alwaies plants himself in an *outward Room*, and calls in all that he knows, pretending to stay for a Friend that was to pay him a little Money, and he fears will deceive him: whereupon the people, to be rid of him, fling down their *Two Pence* apiece, though it be not come in; so that he goes off not only with *Credit*, but *Money* into the bargain.

He is a great Lover of Medals and blind Pieces of Silver, which he saies are *to keep the Devil out of his Pocket*, and save his Credit till some *Cole* comes. He hears no body complain of being *Ill*, but he concludes they were *Drunk* over-Night, and adviseth them to his own Remedy, *To take a Hair of the same Dog*; and is throughly perswaded from his own Experience, That to be dead-Drunk once a Week, is the best *Physick*; and this he calls, *Giving Nature a Buffle*. He wonders some Doctors should be so much against *Vomits*, and judges no Cure for an Ague like Brandy and Tobacco; which never fail, unless they *under-Dose* it.

His Lodging is commonly in a *Garret*; and when his Landlady will not Trust another Week, he packs up all his *Goods* in his *Pockets*, and removes to fresh *Quarters*; for so we may properly call it, since his Shirt contains a Camp at least Ten Thousand strong. If in his Rambles he meet with a young Extravagant Squire, or Citizen's Son, he pretends to help him to a rich Wife, a great Place, a purchaser for his Land, or an old Usurer that will lend him Money. The *Fop* is glad of the opportunity, and thinks himself obliged to give him a Treat: our *Seignior Spunger* tells him where the best Wine is, and the honestest Fellow of a Vintner in Town (who you must note is his Confederate.) Thither they march, eat freely, drink briskly; but

at last down he slips, as to the House of Office, enquires at the Bar what's to pay; Is told, Eight and Twenty Shillings: he bids them score Nine and Thirty and Six Pence: 'Tis done, the Reckoning is called for; the Gallant questions it. Lord, Sir, saith he, *it cannot be less; I am sure honest Tom would not misreckon me for his Right Hand.* Hereupon the Fool being satisfied, paies it; and he next Morning comes and takes a Bottle of Claret and Ten Shillings in ready Money. And this, in terms of Art, is called *The Nicking Craft of a Bully Barrier.*

If all these *Wheaddles* fail, he betakes himself to his last Refuge, which is *A Nine-Pin yard, or Billiard-Table, &c.* and there sponges freely under the protection of that famous Proverb, *Gamesters Drink is common.* For this purpose, he is qualified with *Endowments* to judge of a *Cast*, to pick out any *Tip*, to go for the *Game*, to tell which may have *Rubbers*; and is as necessary in a Drinking-Shed, as a Boy at Stool-ball to keep account, and chalk the Joyn-t-stool; and thinks himself much unprovided, if he hath neither Touchwood, nor Steel and Tinder-box. To insinuate himself, he applauds the Winners playing; and tells the other, he loses for want of Drinking; and thereupon cries, *Have at you, Sir, three Go downs:* He cannot endure Quarrelling, lest the Company should break up; and hates nothing so much, as to see *Women* come in, for fear they should spoil his calling for the *Losings*; yet now and then *wheaddles* them, by taking their Husbands part, and offer him a smack of the *Buns* and *Cheese-cakes.* In short, if ever he be sober, his care is how to get Drunk; if he be drunk, his next talk is to misse the Reckoning: and to conclude;

*he lives so long by his wits, till he comes to his wits end; And then as he slips the Wainman and the Sea refuse him, he reels into a Flood; and we must leave him on the other side the Water, to learn the comfortable Mystery of *Drinking*.*

